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SEATTLE SPECTATOR

Vol. 1. No. 8.

Seattle College

Week Ending April 1, 1933

SPRING INFORMAL PLANNED!

PRESIDENT GALLAGHER

SPECTATOR STAFF

STUDENT BODY

SHOWS NEED OF

HOPS THE FENCE

APPROVES

ALUMNI ORGANIZATION

Sensing the biggest

SPRING INFORMAL

President Walt Gallagher of the Alumni Association addresses the following message to the students of Seattle College to show the need of an alumni:

"College life forms the background for the student in future years, when he assumes his position in the business world. College life creates lasting friendships which carry on only through the medium of the alumni.

College life builds a school spirit that remains in the heart of the old grad, and holds his interest in his Alma Mater and its welfare. The Alumni is the outlet for this school spirit.

The Alumnus becomes a position of influence in the business world; a position of leadership in professional and commercial life. He becomes an influence for his Alma Mater.

His position, influence, and experience can be of great value and assistance to the school and student body. The Alumnus can be a helping hand.

(Cont'd page 2, col. 1)

news story in the history of the Seattle waterfront in many years, the Spectator immediately rushed four staff members to the scene of the wreck of the American Mail Liner President Madison, which overturned on Friday, March 24, while tied to a pier at the Todd Dry Dock plant on Harbor Island.

Speeding there in a special car the Spectator's staff was able to scoop all the large journals of our city.

The sending of four staff members enabled the Spectator to cover the mishap from four angles: the aesthetic, the pathetic, the technical, and the humorous.

However the reporter had to do some tall sleuthing before they were able to do their duty by the paper.

The guards had orders to admit no one. This excluded all gentlemen of the press, naturally, but they had not counted on the ingenuity and resource of our crew.

The boys, two of whom weigh over 200 pounds apiece, nothing daunted by the rebuff

(cont'd page 4 col. 1)

By John Geis

At the student meeting of March 23, the students showed themselves to be in favor of the Spring Informal as the main activity of the Spring Quarter.

Plans are as yet unformed but a committee has been appointed to find the most attractive and most reasonable place to stage the affair.

The question of publicity was brought up and to that "Mike" Donohoe gave a very practical and sensible answer.

He stressed the point that any newspaper publicity is but a waste of time, and works to defeat our purpose.

He said that any advertising would have to come from the students themselves, and limited to their own circle of friends.

Therefore everyone should "boost" this dance among his acquaintances. Its the only way to make the dance a success.

Members of the committee appointed to choose the dance

(cont'd page 2 col. 1)

(cont'd from pg 1)
hall are Jim Casey,
Maurice Maher, and
Joe Drew.

In lieu of assemblies, the Spectator will keep the student body informed of any new developments.

(cont'd from pg 1)

The Alumnus is heart and soul in the welfare of his old school. He is down on the sidelines fighting the battle just as enthusiastically as the team on the field. He rejoices with victory; he sorrows with defeat. He stands ready to jump into a pep rally, wave the old colors, and dispense pep and school fight. He never gives up. He has learned well to fight on and give inspiration.

The school that fails to give an active interest in Alumni doings is not fulfilling the duties of a school.

A loyal Alumnus appreciates what his Alma Mater has done for him. He recognizes that she has endowed him with an education and a background which, if properly used, means success in the business world. Naturally then, he loves to cling to this contact with the pleasant days that remain a memory.

The Alumni will keep this old school spirit burning in the years to come.

If France doesn't soon come through with her war debt payment, we will have to send over the Statue of Liberty with both hands up.

Thoughts while drooling: Wonder if Freckley is still looking for consolation? Why do they call them contented cows? Isn't a cow's life just one darn thing after an(udder)? "Would you go forth into the cold, cruel world?"-- guess who. One of our favorite people - Sylvester, the Vagabond Lover.

Time marches on and the Spectator presents its choice for the All-American jig-saw team:

Tuba - Colgate
Fountain - Penn.
Noahs - Ark.
Hogg - Wash.
Hitter - Miss.
Iron - Ore.
Afgany - Stan.
Enn - Mass.
Scaw - Fla.
Firstand - Tenn.
Hail - Columbia.

Drunken voice: "Ish is a couple of Indians. We want reservations for tonight".

Famous last words: be a dynamic personality.

Woozy wheezes: we thought we had a big ship in the Akron but we have a bigger one in the Mac-on.

Wonder if Hitler hollers "whoops!"

When Crosby belches, burps, and boops.

With a smothered curse the man turned and faced his wife. "I'm sorry", he said, "but I can't do it. Goodness only knows I have tried, but I must admit that I am beaten".

"Shame on you", said his wife. "After all the training that your father gave you, to think that you would fail on such an easy job. No wonder that you cannot make a success of your profession."

"But I have made a success - quite a success", pleaded the man, "but I am man enough to admit that I am beaten".

"Very well", replied his wife, "but I only say that it is about time you were looking for another job".

Whereupon the burglar's wife turned, picked up the jimmy and proceeded to open the can of sardines.

"Ann Hathaway", gently chortled Bill Shakespeare as he snuck up the stairs in his stocking feet.

And the orchestra played "just before the battle, mother" --

He: "Did you bake these biscuits with your own tiny hands?"

She: "Uh-huh, why?"

He: "I just wondered who lifted them off the stove for you".

POEM

I wonder why I sweat and strain,
When Vallee croons a sad refrain?

---J.A.Olmer.

CAN YOU IMAGINE---

DAUBENSPECK

DISAPPOINTS

Lucid shaving---
Townsend with clean
cords---Martin with
long hair---Quimby
letting a week go by
without skipping
something---Geis com-
ing to school on time
---Fr. Nichols excit-
ed---Hoeschen with
number five shoes and
running the 100 in 10
flat---Daubenspeck
studying---Jahn dan-
cing---Genest taking
another blind date--
Hurley cutting class-
es---O'Leary answer-
ing questions with-
out saying, "Yes",
Father"---Malone with
short pants-----Casey
playing without hogg-
ing the ball---Olmer
coming a whole week
to school and not be-
ing sick---Halpin
running around with
a blond---Shea taking
one subject-----
The faculty taking a
car out ONCE and not
wrecking it---Fr.
Reidy teaching evol-
ution---Boyle in
skirts---Finn look-
ing for a job---
Harrington weigh-
ing 102 pounds---A
little school spirit
---A little cooper-
ation and support in
activities---Sylvest-
er inviting the boys
up to his house---A
little money in the
athletic fund---Don-
ohoe giving a talk
to the W.C.T.U.---
---The writer tell-
ing the truth.

-----J.E.Freeley

Ninety nine per cent of the people are ignorant, a famous author once said. The other one per cent, it was discovered in Seattle College last Thursday in Fr. Nichols' modern history class, would go out into the cold, cruel world, ignorant of the fact that Avignon is a city in Southern France.

It was during this class that Fr. Nichols in his most persuasive voice, asked:

"Daubenspeck, in a loud clear voice, elect-
rify the audience!

"Who was the bishop that persecuted Joan of Arc?"

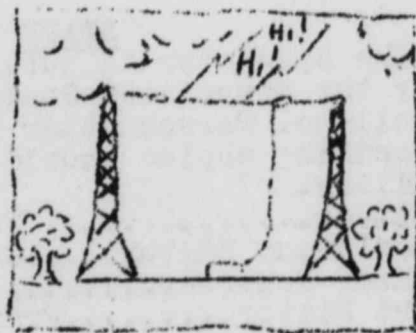
With the grin of victory on his face, and in a decisive tone, one perhaps too loud for the size of the room, Daubenspeck answered, "AVIGNON!"

Surprised, flab-
bergasted, and nonplus-
sed, Fr. Nichols look-
ed at his pupil and--
"WHAT?"

"Avignon," replied Daubenspeck with a slightly modified tone of voice.

Whereupon, Fr. Nichols proceeded to inform the erring lad that Avignon is a city in Southern France, a fact which, we all knew, of course.

The bell then rang relieving Daubenspeck of further embarrass-
ment.



Recently, members of the Radio Club have been asked, "What has happened to the Club?"

The Club is at the present time a-
waiting the arrival of a license which will allow the organiza-
tion to transmit on certain specified frequencies.

Upon receipt of this document, a complete up-to-date transmitter will be installed by Carl Robinson, the Club's chief technician.

The observant will note that Carl Robinson, "the ham what am", is the owner of some badly-singed fingers---Carl formed a good conductor for 2000 volts.

The Club would appreciate any dona-
tion of radio parts. Anyone who has parts in his "junk box" for which he has no use, please inform Hoeschen or Jahn who will call for them at your residence, thus elimin-
inating any inconven-
ience to the donor.

STAFF

The Spectator is published once a week by the Associated Students of Seattle College. Person other than students desiring copies should address the editor.

Editor.....Wendel F. Jahn
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 Humour.....Arthur Olmer
 Movies.....John Martin
 Features.....Lecture & McClaire
 Alumni.....Howard Sylvester
 Just Imagine.....J.E. Freeley
 Reporters.....Grant-Malone
 Staff Advisor.....Prof. Paul McClane

Here AND THERE WITH THE STUDENTS

Did you know that..... Joe Hur-
 ley is baseball coach of St. Jo-
 seph's grammar school.....that
 Carl Robinson is the editor of the
 Seattle Times carrier's sheet for
 the Wallingford district.....
that Vincent Gerhardt is in
 California.....that Tom Owens is
 now sacristan at the Cathedral....
 ...that Howard Sylvester was still
 out riding at 3 A.M. Saturday morn-
 ing.....that Jim Coleman almost
 pulled an "Olmer" when he twisted
 his ankle.....that Harold Daub-
 enspeck saw five shows in one day
 last week.....that Harold Ma-
 lone turned in a performance worthy
 of a professional at the last Anadei
 play.....that Emmet Freeley
 is the "BEAU Brummell" of
 Georgetown.....that Jack
 Gallagher was a member of the
 now defunct Henry Duffy Players?

DARING REPORTERS HOP THE FENCE

(contd. from page, 1.)

at the gate, walked a block from
 said gates, and after a careful
 look around, scaled a twenty foot
 fence to gain egress to the ship
 yard. Then with clothes torn,
 and panting with excitement, they
 catfooted it from building to build-
 ing in the general direction of
 the water. Encountering no one, at
 last they emerged from the shadows
 to look upon one of the most un-
 usual sights of their careers,
 a first class ocean liner keeled
 over at a crazy angle, lying in
 the mud.

However there is one sad note.
 The reporters were so interested
 in their great feat and in the
 wreckage, that they forgot to get
 the statements from the rescued
 sailors who were aboard at the
 time of the calamity. Nevertheless,
 our readers can point to their
 representatives with pride, for
 although they did not bring back
 the story, still they did scale
 a twenty foot wall alone and unaid-
 ed, not a mean exploit in itself.

 What well-known streetcar magnate
 was seen pumping an inner tube up
 on Olive Way last Saturday after-
 noon?

LOVES LABOR LOST

Her eyes are bright,
 Her cheeks are rose;
 She hugs me tight
 And kisses my nose.

Her face is fair
 And her figure neat;
 She rumples my hair.
 She calls me "Sweet."

If she won't give up
 I'll sure go bats;
 You see, I'M a pup,
 And I'd rather hunt rats.

 Household Hints
 A cake of soap lasts longer
 if given a coat of shellac.
